



The Love Songs of Luigi Mangione

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A Body in Sound and Ruin

Mnnn... ahhh... aeh... I wake, if you can call it that. Light fractures through the blinds—bones like splintered wood, wrapped tight in screaming skin. Pain hums low, endless, like static on an untuned radio, a radio whispering *deny... deny... deny...*

Shahhh... ahhh... hmm... Every movement a negotiation, every breath a barter for a fraction of relief that never comes. They said, "*You'll be covered.*" Lies wrapped in policy clauses, a parasite feeding on my marrow.

Lowwww... ruh... ruhh... ruhhhh... I am the ground beneath a grinding wheel, a thing pressed so thin it forgets it was whole. The ceiling whispers betrayal, its voice made of fluorescent hums and ticking clocks.

Mmm... uhhh... noh... No. No, they said. Not eligible. Not within the terms. What terms allow ruin? What law permits this slow erosion?

Kahhh... kahhh... ohhhh... Their voices cut.
Clean, sterile, precise— too polished to carry
the weight of my ruin.

Raaaahhh... thinnnn... runnnn... shhh... The feds will hear this someday. Let them know: I'm not working with anyone. Elementary engineering. A spiral notebook stuffed with rage and to-do lists. The parasites had it coming. I'm just the messenger.

Ahhh... grittttt... sssshhh... taaaahh... The US healthcare system: the most expensive, and we're 42nd in life expectancy. Forty-two! Did you know United is nearly as big as Google? Parasites. Power games. Profit. Blood for bonuses.

Puhhh... puhhh... puhhh... why?!... Why? Why did you promise me shelter only to let the roof cave in?

RAHHHHH... shhh... RAHHHHH...

RAHHHH... Rage like a broken symphony. My body is the conductor, and every nerve screams its discord.

Thumpppp... GRRRRR... CRACKKKK... ahhh... This bed becomes a battlefield. The sheets twist into bandages for wounds no one can see.

WRENCHHHH... pull... GRIPPPP... snap... I tried to fight you—but your machine is built to devour. Your policies have teeth, sharp enough to rip the marrow from my resolve.

ROARRRRR... hufffff... clashhhhh... I'm just being honest. Brutally so. These parasites chew at the edges of our humanity. Their power unchecked, their greed insatiable.

Boomm... whackkk... RAHHHHHHH... You will not hear me, but I will still scream. Every guttural sound, every raw syllable is a testimony written in the air.

CRUSHHHH... GRINNNNNDDDD... You crushed my faith, ground my hope into the fine dust that now coats my lungs.

Screeechhhhhh... clinnkkk... ahhhhhhh... But I am more than this wreckage. Every crack, every screech is a hymn of my unbroken fury. My voice will rise—

SNAPPPPPPPP... ERRRRRRRRRRR... GRRRRRRRRR... And it does. I rise. Shaking, screaming, I rise. The rage is no longer contained, no longer whispers behind clenched teeth. It bursts. It bellows.

BOOMMM... SNAPPPP... WHIRRURRRRR... My body's ruin becomes its fuel. The machine that devoured me will taste its own teeth.

GRRRRRRRRR... SCREAAAAMMM... Morality bends like steel in the heat of rage. What is moral in a world of grinding wheels?

What is just when justice is just another policy clause?

RAAAAAAHHHHHHH... The answer roars.
Reciprocity. A body for a body. A ledger balanced.

Thumpppp... GRRRRR... CRASHHHHHH... I see the CEO's face in every shadow. His voice in the buzz of fluorescent lights. My resolve hardens—a thing sharper than policy, heavier than words.

SLAMMM... THUNNNNN... SNAPPPP... I will find him, the man whose inked initials turned my body into a battlefield. He will taste this rage, not as sound but as action.

CRACKKKKK... ROARHHHHHH... The plan is simple. A pistol, a silencer. A hooded jacket pulled tight over broken shoulders. A medical mask hiding a face carved by betrayal.

*Whirrrrrr... click... grip... The bullet casings are etched: *deny, depose, defend*. Each engraved word whispers its judgment as they load.*

Screeechhhhhh... THUMMMMPPPPP... I follow him through the streets of Manhattan, his shadow spilling long in the neon haze. He walks like he owns the city. He doesn't see me.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The silencer kisses the air. Three taps. A language as cold and precise as a policy clause.

Whisper. Collapse. Silence. He crumples like paper. His ledger is closed.

SLAMMM... THWACKKKK... ERRRRRRR...
I am gone before the echoes of his fall reach the corners of the street. The bicycle swallows the distance, carrying me back into the labyrinth of anonymity.

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH... But the rage does not end. It has no end. The act was just a word in a sentence unfinished.

A Body in the Buzz of Neon

Mnnn... click... fizz... The neon arches hum above me—bright, blinding, sanctimonious in their glow. I've been running for weeks, months, lifetimes. The fries smell like salt and regret.

Sssss... poppp... crackle... I'm here because my body craves normalcy—one last meal, something banal, something familiar. The grease paints my fingers; the hunger paints my soul. I'm drowning in the fluorescent bath.

Mmm... uhhh... crunchhh... I chew. My jaw aches. Every bite is a countdown, every sip a dirge. The booth creaks beneath my weight, its vinyl sticky with forgotten memories.

Ahhh... clinkkk... hushhh... The ice in my drink whispers a warning. The door swings open, letting in a gust of cold air and authority.

Thump. Grind. Walk. Stop. Their boots tap a rhythm against the tile floor— a cadence I've known was coming. I don't look up; I've made my peace with the inevitability of consequence.

Boommm... hisss... clickkk... The fryers hiss, oblivious to my ruin. The register beeps, a mechanical hymn to capitalism's indifference.

Crackkk... SNAPPP... They call my name. It doesn't sound like mine anymore. It echoes, alien, distorted by the space between this booth and their world.

RAHHHH... hushhh... hushhh... I rise, hands trembling but steady enough. The fries are unfinished, the drink half-empty— like my resolve, like my freedom.

Slamm... gripp... twist... The cuffs bite my wrists, steel snakes coiling around my defiance. Their hands are firm, trained, mechanical in their precision.

Mmm... hiss... CRACKKK... I hear the manager whispering, something about "cleaning up." As if my capture is a stain on their pristine, greasy kingdom.

Thud. Drag. Step. They march me out, the air outside thick with exhaust and apathy. The arches glow behind me, a halo for the condemned.

Lowwww... ruhhh... grinddd... The cruiser's engine hums, a dirge for the damned. I sit in the back, spine pressed against upholstery that smells like ghosts.

Clink. Clank. ROARRR. The city swallows me whole, its streets a maze of sirens and indifference. I whisper to myself: *Deny. Depose. Defend.*

Ahhh... snappp... thud. The pistol, the silencer, the casings etched with justice, now just artifacts in evidence bags.

Boomm... silence... roarrrr... I close my eyes. The arches burn behind my lids. I'm still hungry, but not for food.

Mnnn... roarr... CLANGGG... The cell awaits me, its iron arms open wide. But in this moment, in the back of the cruiser, I am between worlds—not free, not caged.

Hushhh... hushhh... whisper... The city murmurs its indifference, the neon hums, and somewhere, fries continue to sizzle.

A Body in Iron and Echo

Mnnn... clinkkk... ahhh... The cell whispers back to me—a box of echoes, a coffin that breathes. I'm folded in, wrapped in steel bones, each bar a rib of my new prisoned form.

Shahhh... click... CLANG... This place groans like a body, every sound stitched to its own pain. My bed creaks like the ghosts of policy, and the walls hum their own hunger.

Kahhh... crackkk... sssss... A thin strip of light leaks in, jagged, a blade splitting my days into fractions—time measured not in hours but in longing.

Lowwww... ruhhh... grinnnn... They said "justice." They meant the machine. The feds who read my manifesto didn't understand the sound—the rhythm of rage I've been tuned to.

SNAPPPP... hisss... banggg... I've become an instrument here, my body tuned to iron walls. Pain echoes in crescendo, reminding me: *You acted. You answered.*

Mnnnn... hisss... rattle... They ask if I regret it. The guards, the lawyers, the faceless voices shaped by fluorescent hums.

Ahhhhh... DO YOU? DO YOU? The walls spit their accusation. I answer: Deny. Depose. Defend.

RAHHHHHH... gridd... CRASSSHHH...

The other inmates know rage too. Not mine, but a cousin of it. We trade our furies like currency— stories, scars, silence.

Clickkkk... creakkk... snapppp... The silence is the heaviest thing here. It bends my spine more than my injuries did. I carve the walls with words. Scratches become scripture in the dim light.

BOOMMM... CLANGGG... lowwwww...

Each night is a cacophony. Screams, metal groans, fists on steel. I dream in sound now: *whispers, bullets, collapse.*

Thumpppp... hissss... clinkkkk... This cell is not my cage—it is my altar. Here, I rewrite my manifesto in blood and broken fingernails.

CRACKKKKK... SNAPPPPPP... They thought they contained me, but steel doesn't silence an idea. Every sound I make escapes. Every groan becomes a ripple.

Wrenchhhh... creakkkk... POPPPPPPP... My ribs press against the iron bars, breathing against their rigidity. The rhythm returns: *deny, depose, defend*.

Screeechhhh... ERRRRRRR... The rage hums. It feeds me. I am no longer a body; I am sound. I am the echo that will haunt their boardrooms, reverberate through their stockholder calls.

Thud. Grind. Silence. From this cell, I've learned a new language—a hymn of steel and despair, but also defiance.

BOOMMMMM... SNAPPPPPP... Do you hear it? My voice, my rage? They're just bars, just iron. Ideas slip through cracks. They vibrate. They spread. They grow.

Mnnnnnn... RAHHHHHHH... ERRRRRRRRR...

You thought you silenced me, thought the walls would digest my fury. But it leaks, it screams, it ascends— to the streets, to the light.

BOOMMMMMMMMMMMMM... I am the sound that cannot be caged.

A Body in Legend and Smoke

Mnnn... ahhh... roarrrr... The whispers snake through the bars, curling into my ears like the hiss of distant flames. They speak my name. Not in scorn, not in chains, but in tones that tremble with reverence.

Shahhh... crashhh... huzzahhh... They call me a hero. Me. This mangled body with a soul stitched in rage, a mind bound to an unbroken wheel of consequence.

Buzz. Whirr. Chatter. The guards smirk, their radios alive with gossip—a martyr, a celebrity, a spark igniting against a damp, waiting forest.

Boomm... clap... clapp... The streets roar outside these walls, voices fused into one primal call. They chant my words as if I wrote scripture.

Deny. Depose. Defend. The mantra I whispered to myself now splits the sky in a thunderous echo. They've made banners of my fury, turned my blood into ink.

RAHHHH... shhhh... riseee... How does it feel to be an idea? To transcend this brittle frame? My hands, broken, built this rage, and now it lives beyond me.

Mmm... hush... sss... A letter smuggled under my cot: words scrawled in trembling hand— "You gave us courage."

Ahhhh... clink... whisper... Another from a woman whose son was denied care. Her sorrow spills between the lines. "You showed them."

Slam. Crack. Hiss. The guards take the letters. They think they've silenced me, but my words are already loose. They cannot cage echoes.

Boommm... snap... pop. The news calls me a monster. A vigilante. A martyr. My name glows hot in their mouths, ashes searing their tongues.

Hisssss... flare... roarrr... They sell my face on T-shirts, my manifesto printed on cheap paper. I've become a brand, a myth, a currency traded in rebellion.

Mnnn... ahhh... groan... And here I sit, an altar of bone and sorrow, while the world sets fire to my shadow. Do they know what they worship? Do they see the ruin beneath the crown?

Crashhh... rise... hisss... I am not what they think I am— not a god, not a savior. Just a man whose pain burst louder than his silence.

Hushhh... whisper... roarr... But if they need this myth, if they need this fuel, let them take it. Let them turn my ashes into flame.

Mmm... ahhh... eternity. I was once flesh, bone, and rage. Now I am legend. Now I am smoke.